

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE: INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

VOL. VI. NO. 38.

EASTMANVILLE, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1857.

WHOLE NO. 298.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.

EASTMANVILLE, MICHIGAN.

EASTMAN & CO., PROPRIETORS.

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One week.	50	100	150	200	2 25	3 50	4 25	5 00
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One month.	1 25	2 50	3 75	5 00	5 50	8 00	9 00	11 00
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BUSINESS DIRECTORY-1857.

AUGUSTUS W. TAYLOR,

Judge of Probate for Ottawa county, Michigan.

Office with the County Treasurer, Grand Haven.

Papers and business communications transmitted to the Court, through favor of H. D. Post, Holland, or left with Mr. Henry Brower, Grand Haven, will receive prompt attention.

Court days, first and third Mondays of each month.

P. O. address, Ottawa Center, Ottawa Co. Mich.

JAMES P. SCOTT,

Clerk and Register of Ottawa county, Michigan, and Notary Public. Grand Haven.

TIMOTHY FLETCHER,

Treasurer of Ottawa county, and Notary Public.

CURTIS W. GRAY,

Sheriff of Ottawa county. Grand Haven.

M. B. HOPKINS,

Prosecuting Attorney and Circuit Court Commissioner, for Ottawa county. Grand Haven.

COMER B. SHAW,

Notary Public for Ottawa Co. Eastmanville.

R. W. DUNCAN,

Attorney at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery; also Agent for obtaining Bounty Lands, and collecting claims against the United States, in connection with a general agency at Washington.

Office third door below the Washington House, Grand Haven.

GROSVENOR REED,

Attorney and Counselor at Law. All business entrusted to me will be promptly and satisfactorily attended to. Residence, Charleston Landing, Ottawa Co., Mich.

J. B. MCNETT,

Physician and Surgeon. Dr. McNett is now permanently located in this village, and will attend to all calls in his profession.

Office at the residence of Mr. Hiram Bean, corner of Washington and Water streets, Grand Haven.

STEPHEN MONROE,

Physician and Surgeon. Office one door west of J. T. Davis' Tailor shop, Washington street, Grand Haven.

DR. L. A. ROGERS,

Surgeon Dentist. May be found during business hours, at his office, in Dr. Shepard's New Block, Monroe street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

FERRY & WALLACE,

Dealers in Fancy Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hardware and Groceries. Water street, Grand Haven.

CUTLER & WARTS,

Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, of all kinds, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc. Water street, Grand Haven.

ALBEE & HUNTING,

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Cutlery, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc. Corner of Washington and Water Sts., Grand Haven.

HENRY GRIFFIN,

Commission Merchant and General Ag't, Dealer in Salt, Flour, Dry and Green Fruits, Provisions, Family Groceries, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, etc., etc., Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven.

W. D. FOSTER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hard and Hollow-Ware, Iron, and Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, foot of Monroe street, Grand Rapids.

C. DAVIS & CO.,

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc. Muskegon, Mich.

A. L. CHUBB,

Manufacturer of Plows, Cultivators and Grain Cradles, and Dealer in all kinds of Agricultural Implements and Machines. Agricultural Warehouse, Canal street, Grand Rapids.

FERRY & CO.,

Manufacturers of Lumber, and Dealers in all kinds of Merchandise, Provisions, Shingle Bolts, and Shingles.

THOS. W. FERRY,

White River, Ottawa Co., Mich.

HOPKINS & BROTHER,

Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, General Dealers in all kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, Grain and Provisions, Manufacturers and Dealers wholesale and retail in all kinds of lumber. Mill Point, Mich.

LAMONT MILLS,

LAMONT, OTTAWA COUNTY, MICHIGAN.

Thomas B. Woodbury, Proprietor.

Cash paid for wheat.

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Ottawa Iron Works.

FERRYSBURG, OTTAWA CO., MICH.

WM. M. FERRY, Jr., Manufacturer of Stationary and Marine, high or low pressure Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass Castings.—Post Office address, Grand Haven, Mich.

1857. CUTLER & WARTS, 1857.

General Merchandise, Pork, Flour, Salt, Grain, Lumber, Shingles and Lath.

Grand Haven, Water street, Mich.

COMETH A BLESSING DOWN.

BY M. F. TYLER.

Not to the man of dollars,
Not to the man of deeds,
Not to the man of cunning,
Not to the man of creeds;
Not to the man whose passion
Is for a world's renown,
Not in the form of fashion,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not unto a land's expansion,
Not to the miser's chest,
Not to the princely mansion,
Not to the blazoned crest;
Not to the sordid worldling,
Not to the knavish clown,
Not to the haughty tyrant,
Cometh a blessing down.

Not to the folly blinded,
Not to the steeped in shame,
Not to the carnal minded,
Not to unholy fame;
Not in neglect of duty,
Not in the monarch's crown,
Not at the smile of beauty,
Cometh a blessing down.

But to the one whose spirit
Yearns for the great and good,
Unto the one whose storehouse
Yieldeth the hungry food;
Unto the one whose labors,
Fearless of foe or frown;
Unto the kindly hearted,
Cometh a blessing down.

Stavoren; a Legend of the Zuyder Zee.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

More than six hundred years ago, Stavoren occupied the first rank among the commercial cities of Holland. The ships of her merchants traversed every sea, and brought to her safe harbor the choicest productions of every clime. A trade so extensive raised the prosperity of the city to an unprecedented height. True, there was here, as everywhere, many poor persons among the inhabitants, yet the number of the rich greatly preponderated. Luxury and splendor, the usual accompaniments of great riches, increased rapidly from the foolish pride with which each citizen strove to excel his neighbor in pomp and magnificence and costly entertainments. According to tradition, there was many houses built like palaces, their interiors decorated with the most superb wainscoting, tapestried with the richest stuffs, and with rarest furniture, and the doors ornamented with the most precious metals, instead of iron.

Now, none of the merchants of Stavoren could be compared in wealth with the lady Richberta. Fortune, which crowned all her undertakings with the most complete and sometimes unlooked for success, appeared desirous of illustrating in her to what extent she could lavish her gifts, and how long bestow her smiles upon a mortal. If the ships of this female merchant were sent to distant countries, they always returned, not only with costly wares, ornaments, pearls and jewels, which were made to shine in the palace, and bedeck the gorgeous dresses of their fair possessor.

Such unprecedented fortune Richberta could not bear with that equanimity which alone could enable her really to enjoy it. And if it be true, as some say, that great misfortune is more easily borne than moderate prosperity, Richberta was destined to be a proof of the correctness of this assertion. Her pride kept pace with the increase of her treasures, and she showed it as much in her contempt for her less fortunate fellow-beings, as in the extravagant and costly banquets, which she gave less for diversion and enjoyment, than that the guest might wonder at the varying splendor of her apartments, and the costly viands and wines from foreign lands, and envy the giver.

At one of these intoxicating and enervating festivals, which offer nothing to the soul and leave the heart empty, a strange guest was announced to Richberta. He said that he had come from a great distance, he had seen the lands of many kings, and the splendor of their courts, and had now come to admire also Richberta's wealth, concerning which fame had borne wonderful reports to his ears.

The flattered lady invited the stranger to a seat by her side. He appeared a still vigorous old man, in the picturesque costume of the east. His deportment was dignified and noble, and he approached the hostess, expecting from her hand the welcome which according to the custom of his own land, is symbolically tendered to the guest by the offer of bread and salt, &c. But no bread was to be found on her luxurious tables, which groined under the weight of rare and enticing viands, and from which the simple food of poverty was banished.

The stranger took his seat in silence, and while refreshing himself, spoke pleasantly and learnedly of his travels by land and sea, of distant people and their manners, of his adventures, their joys and misfortunes, of the perishableness of earthly goods, and the inconsistency of human prosperity.

All, save Richberta, were attentive to the words of their strange guest. She, in her vanity, was impatient for him to praise her

wealth, and the splendor of her banquet, and to institute such comparison as would only furnish fresh food for her pride. But he remained silent on that subject, until at length, after being questioned by herself, he admitted that he had found such magnificence and lavishness only among kings; but concluded by saying that on that account the more strange to him to find wanting here the best and noblest thing the earth produced.

In vain they importuned the stranger to explain his meaning; he remained silent, and the questions became too pressing, departed and was not seen again.

The pride and curiosity of Richberta were started, and from that time allowed her no rest. She possessed everything costly which the tongue could name, or the earth or sea produce, or conceal in their depths; could she still lack the best thing of all? She questioned the sages and soothsayers, consulted magicians and interpreters of dreams; but none could mention a thing she had not long possessed.

Then in her restless longings for the unknown and inestimable treasure, she ordered ships to be fitted out which should explore all seas and lands, and not return until it should be discovered. Her admiral, entrusted with this commission, put to sea, undetermined whither to direct his course. A part of his ships he sent to the most distant seas of the east and west, while he committed his own to the guidance of the winds. Now, it happened that the water entered the vessel through a leak, and spoiled part of their provisions; and although there was no lack of meat, wines and other articles of luxury, yet they soon severely felt the loss of their bread and meal, which had become unpalatable.

In this strait, the commander was not long in discovering what would be the best and most precious gift to man; not the viands and spices of India—not pearls from the bottom of the sea—nor gold from the deepest mines of the mountains—but the simple, universal gift of nature—indispensable, inestimable, nourishing, and quickening bread.

Now, too, he understood the mysterious words spoken by the stranger at the feast, and his resolution was soon made. He steered to a haven at one of the eastern seas, and there took a full lading of the finest wheat, with which he sailed back to Stavoren. As soon as he arrived he went to Richberta, who did not expect him so soon and informed her that he now knew what was the best and most precious of all good things; he had found it and brought it in abundance. He then related to the astonished lady how he had made the discovery, and that the mysterious guest could only have meant bread, and that he therefore believed he had properly executed his commission.

But Richberta was not of the same opinion. She cast angry glances at the astonished sailor, and with difficulty restrained an outburst of rage, asked him from which side of the ship the cargo was taken on board. He answered, the right side. Now, then, cried she, with haughty mien, I command that the whole be immediately thrown overboard from the left side into the sea.

In vain were all remonstrances against the rash command. In vain the admiral sought to move the heart of Richberta, by imploring her not to give up to destruction the rich blessing of God, at least to alleviate with it the wants of the poor. In vain he sent to her crowds of the needy, to soften her resolution. It was of no avail, and she had the whole cargo thrown into the water under her own eyes, amid the groans and imprecations of the multitude.

The bottom received the cargo, and the grain became a crop of destruction. Sprouting and shooting up in mud, and continually covered with new earth, appeared a forest of stalks, without ears of grain, rising higher in an unnatural growth, till it reached the surface; and as it presented an obstacle to the moving particles of mud, there was formed before the harbor of Stavoren, an immense bar which mortal power could not break through.

The numerous ships of the city, and among them those of Richberta, could no longer find an entrance to the port, and were sacrificed to the fury of the waves. Trade and wealth rapidly declined, and frequent reverses bro't the proud woman from her pinnacle of splendor and prosperity to such a degree of want and misery that she was even forced to beg for bread.

But the sea, now that its accustomed inlet was barred, beat with renewed violence against the shore, and during the storm of a dark, tempestuous night, broke through the dike, overflowing the city, and soon buried it with its foundations in the deep. Where once stood Stavoren, the Zuyder Zee now rolls its gloomy waves. Even to this day, when clear water permits a sight of the depths below, the mariner looks down with horror, upon the proud towers and gates, the streets and lofty palace roofs of the sunken and once splendid city.

Misfortune and misconduct, it is said, were born twins. The faults of mankind are often the parents of their woes, and he who most declaims at the world's cold frown, has generally done his best to earn it.

THE PEACEFUL HEART.

My heart is like the sleeping lake,
Which takes the hue of cloud and sky,
And only feels its surface break
When birds of passage wander by,
They dip their wings, and upward soar,
And leave it quiet as before.—N. P. Willis.

Things that touch the Heart.

Tears have often other uses besides that of expressing grief. Their office is not always a sad one, they sometimes betoken joy, and even when they do not, it is often a luxury to indulge them. There are moments when we desire to hear those sentiments and incidents which touch the heart tenderly, and it is worthy of notice that those are apt to be the very best moments of our lives. A man will bear watching whose tears never express admiration, sympathy and pity as well as pain and sorrow.

Speaking of tears of admiration, who has failed to shed them upon reading the account of the gallant sailor who took such an affectionate leave of his amputated arm, after the battle of lake Erie?

An hour after the arm was taken off, he called the surgeon to his side and said:

"I should like to see my arm, if you've no objection."

"None in the world," replied the surgeon, "if you desire it."

The amputated limb was at once bro't to him, and poor Jack, pressing the cold hand, which had "forgot its cunning," in his left, exclaimed with tears in his eyes:

"Farewell, old messmate! You and I have weathered many a rough gale together; now we must part. You have been a good friend to me; I shall never find such another."

The *Watchman & Reflector* beautifully illustrates a child's idea of what constitutes home:

"This is my home," cried a little one, a treasured boy of four summers, as fresh and rosy, he came in from school at the close of a short winter afternoon.

"Indeed, little Willie," said his mother's visitor, "how is it? Suppose, now, you go out on the sidewalk and try the next door. Suppose you step into the entry, throw off your little sack as you have here and proceed to the parlor. Wouldn't that be your home?"

"No, indeed," said Willie; "that wouldn't be it."

"But, tell me, why not?"

Willie had never thought of this. He paused for a moment, then directing his eyes to where his mother sat quietly sewing, he replied with an earnest gesture. "She lives here."

There is no estimating the strength of affection which a boy of noble nature bears to his little sister. It is related of a boy in New Hampshire, who had lost a little sister of whom there was no likeness, that he resolved to try the following singular, and one would think hopeless, expedient for supplying one. In spite of all remonstrances, he set out for Boston, where, accompanied by an artist, he visited all the picture galleries, pointing out a feature in this picture and an expression in that, requesting to have them composed in a portrait under his own eye. It is delightful to add that, after many discouraging failures, he succeeded in suggesting to the painter the image that was upon his heart, and bore home in triumph a likeness of the lost one, which was so perfect and beautiful as to be recognized at a glance by all who had known her. How irrepressible is the reader's exclamation, "God bless that boy!" and what a pleasure it would afford one to give him a friendly push—upward and onward.

A WORD TO PARENTS.—A child who has had the advantage of as much bodily exercise as possible in spacious gardens and fields, until he has reached his seventh year, even if he should not then know a single letter, will soon overtake those who have their heads crammed with book information at an earlier period; and not only overtake them, but outstrip them.

Every parent and teacher should be careful not to tax the time and application of the child beyond his strength. The pupil has an imperative claim to rest, and recreation, and amusement. To deny the playground, with its many games, and sports, and leaps, and loud-riding laugh, is to retard the progress of the mind. Much precious time is literally wasted in cramming the memory with words and phrases, which bar the admission of thought and render application irksome.

GOING TO SLEEP.—It is a delicious moment certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you can gently fall to sleep. The good is to come—not passed; the limbs have just been tried enough to render the remaining in one position delightful; the labor of the day is gone. A gentle failure of the perception creeps over you, the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, and with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child, the mind seems to have a balmy lid cover it like the eye—'tis closed. The mysterious spirit has gone to take its airy rounds.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; in feelings, not in figures on the dial. We should count time by heart-throbs; he most lives, who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

EASTMANVILLE, MICHIGAN.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 22, 1857.

State Fairs for 1857.

We copy the following in relation to the time of holding different state and county fairs, from the *Michigan Farmer*:

Connecticut, at Bridgeport, October 13, 14, 15, 16.
Illinois, at Peoria, September 21, 22, 23, 24.
Indiana, at Indianapolis, October 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.
Iowa, at Muscatine, October 6, 7, 8, 9.
Kentucky, at Henderson, October 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.
Massachusetts, at Boston, October 21, 22, 23, 24.
Michigan, at Detroit, Sept. 29, 30, and Oct. 1, 2, 3.
New York, at Buffalo, October 6, 7, 8, 9.
Ohio, at Cincinnati, September 15, 16, 17, 18.
Wisconsin, at Janesville, Sept. 29, 30, and Oct. 1, 2.
United States Agricultural Society Exhibition, at Louisville, Ky., August 31, and Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Michigan County Fairs.

Hillsdale, at Jonesville, October 13, 14.
Ionia, at Lyons, September 23, 24, 25.
Jackson, at Jackson, October 7, 8, 9.
Ottawa, at Eastmanville, September 22, 23, 24.

The State Fair.

The business committee of the State Agricultural Society after examining carefully the proposition relative to the location of the grounds have decided that it is for the best interests of the Society that the Fair should be held this year on the same ground at Hamtramck at which it was held last season. We shall publish the whole programme of operations next month, as it is not yet fully made out.

There will be no female equestrianism. This notion has been given up, and we think it a judicious and proper determination on the part of the committee.

There will be no match of horses, but their speed will be tried with reference to time alone. Arrangements will be made so that sufficient boats will be put on between the city and Hamtramck landing to render the Fair easy of access. The landing is to be extended; so that running around will be out of the question. The general arrangement for each day's business will be somewhat similar to that of last year.

The experience of last season has not been lost on the committee, and Mr. Horace Welch, the chairman, is applying himself with all his well known energy, backed by last year's experience, to get up a fair ground and arrangements which will give general satisfaction.—*Michigan Farmer*.

TO KEEP BUTTER HARD AND COOL.—A writer in the *Scientific American* recommends to the ladies a very simple arrangement for keeping butter nice and cool in the hottest weather. Procure a large new flowerpot of sufficient size to cover the butter plate, and also a saucer large enough for the flowerpot to rest in upside down; place a trivet or meat-stand (such as is sent to the oven when a joint is baked) in the saucer, and put on this trivet the plate of butter; now fill the saucer with water, and turn the flowerpot over the butter, so that its edge will be below the water. The hole in the flowerpot must be fitted with a cork; the butter will then be in what we may call an air-tight chamber. Let the whole of the outside of the flowerpot be then thoroughly drenched with water, and place it in as cool a place as you can. If this be done over night, the butter will be as "firm as a rock" at breakfast time; or, if placed there in the morning, it will be quite hard for use at tea hour. The reason of this is, that when water evaporates it produces cold; the porous pot draws up the water, which in warm weather quickly evaporates from the sides, and thus cools it; and as no warm air can now get at the butter, it becomes firm and cool in the hottest day.

TOADS.—Never destroy the toad. We are assured that "nothing is made in vain," and a very slight knowledge of natural history will show us that even the toad—the most universally deprecated of all reptiles, perhaps, with the exception of the viper—may be of some use. In the first place we discover that toads feed on all kinds of grubs and worms; consequently they serve to protect the vegetable kingdom from the ravages of its most insidious and destructive foes. The pestiferous canker worm, is a favorite worm with him, and he devours indiscriminately, all kinds of garden grubs, and in large numbers, for his dilating powers and capacity of deglutition almost rival those of the anaconda—craving only the protection of a turf or chip, he labors incessantly for man's benefit, and demands for his invaluable services no reward.

The antipathy cherished by some towards the toad is the consequence of perverted views and should be corrected. In itself it is a source of misery to those by whom it is indulged, and the cause of cruelty to the innocent and unoffending. Hence it is a disgrace to our nature, which, illuminated by the divine scintillations of science, should see beyond the blinding mists of prejudice, and recognize the wisdom and goodness of Providence even in its most abject creations. Cowper, the poet of nature, discourses admirably upon the subject.